

VISIT...

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IT'S THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY: CAPTAIN BRITAIN VS. CAPTAIN AMERICA!

IN FULL COLOUR!

THE NEWEST-AND GREATEST-SUPERHERO OF ALL!

CAPTAIN BRITAIN

10P



**MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP**

NO. 16

WEEK ENDING
JAN. 26, 1977

BACK
OFF,
MISTER!
I'M
WARNING
YOU--

SAVE YOUR
BREATH, YANK!
YOU *STARTED*
THIS SCRAP!

--NOW I'LL
FINISH IT!



WHEN PHYSICS STUDENT BRIAN BRADDOCK RUBS HIS MYSTIC AMULET, HE TRANSFORMS INTO BRITAIN'S SUPER-HEROIC CHAMPION OF JUSTICE...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

CAPTAIN BRITAIN!

TM

AFTER DESTROYING THE HOLOGRAM-HORROR CALLED MASTERMIND, AND RUSHING THE INJURED BRADDOCK MANOR MAID TO A WAITING AMBULANCE, CAPTAIN BRITAIN FINDS HIMSELF SURROUNDED BY UNIFORMED POLICEMEN COMMANDED BY HIS NEMESIS, CHIEF INSPECTOR DAI THOMAS! NOW OUR YOUNG HERO FACES A MOMENT OF GRIM DECISION! HE MUST EITHER DEFEY THE LAW, OR BECOME...

"A HERO UNMASKED!"

SCRIPT: G. FRIEDRICH ART: H. TRIMPE & F. KIDA LETTERING: I. WATANABE COLOURING: M. SEVERIN

IN THE NAME OF THE LAW, I ORDERED YOU TO REMOVE YOUR MASK!

SINCE YOU REFUSE, I'LL DO IT FOR YOU!

NO! YOU MUSTN'T! MY IDENTITY MUST REMAIN SECRET!

WHY? SO YOU CAN GO ON CAUSING TROUBLE FOR THE CROWN WITHOUT ANYONE KNOWING WHO YOU ARE?

SORRY, MY LAD, BUT YOUR DAYS OF FUN AND FROLIC ARE OVER!

NO, STOP! DON'T--

LARRY LIEBER: EDITOR

I'M NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE--

WHOK! :UUNNNHH!

--BUT YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE!

OKAY--I DIDN'T WANT TO SETTLE THIS WITH A GUN...

AND I DON'T THINK YOU WILL, INSPECTOR--

--AT LEAST NOT UNTIL YOU'VE ANSWERED A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS!

YOU!!





SHALL WE TRY TO STOP THEM, SIR?

ARE YOU DART? LET THEM WEAKEN EACH OTHER! THEN WE'LL TAKE IN THE BOTH OF THEM!



I WARNED YOU, FELLA! NOW! --AND LET ME GET YOU AWAY FROM THEM?!

I--I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT!

THAT'S IT, CHUM-- JUST A LITTLE CLOSER, AND--



YOU KNOW WHAT I MOST ADMIRE ABOUT YOU YANKS?

TELL ME...



YOU'RE SO UNBEARABLY TRUSTING!

PERHAPS NOW YOU'LL GET THE MESSAGE-- THAT I'M SIMPLY NOT A LAW-BREAKER!

WHAA...!



OH, YOU'RE COMING IN, LOUD AND CLEAR! BUT YOU SEE, BACK IN THE STATES--

--A HERO DOES WHATEVER IS NECESSARY TO PROTECT HIS SECRET IDENTITY!

BUT THEN, MAYBE YOU'RE NOT THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

I'M REAL ENOUGH! THE TROUBLE IS THAT YOU'RE NOT BACK IN THE COLONIES!

NOW LAY DOWN YOUR SHIELD --OR FIGHT!



OKAY, BUDDY-- EITHER YOU ARE A PHONY SUPERHERO--OR YOUR HEAD HAS MORE ROCKS THAN THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER!

BUT SINCE YOU'RE DETERMINED TO SQUARE OFF--

YOU'VE GOT IT-- IN SPADES!!

BUT, WHILE THE TWO TITANS TEETER ON THE BRINK OF DEADLY CONFLICT, THEIR EVERY MOVEMENT IS BEING CAREFULLY MONITORED FROM THE BRADDOCK MANOR COMPUTER COMPLEX A FEW METRES AWAY--

CAPTAIN AMERICA--
HERE! BUT
WHY?!

COULD HE
SUSPECT MY
PRESENCE? NO, OF
COURSE NOT! HE
DOESN'T REALISE
I'M STILL ALIVE!

AND HE'LL
NOT FIND
OUT--UNTIL
IT IS TOO
LATE!!

NO, MY ACCURSED FOE--
THIS TIME YOU SHALL
NOT TRIUMPH!

THIS TIME
IT WILL BE
DIFFERENT!
AND IN THE
END--

--YOU WILL LIE
FOREVER IN THE
DARK SOLITUDE
OF DEATH!

...WHILE
I RULE THE
WORLD!

BUT TO ACHIEVE
THAT END, I MUST
FIRST REPROGRAM
THE COMPUTER
FOR ITS FINAL
ASSAULT ON
MANKIND!

HOW APPROPRIATE THAT MY
FIRST VICTIM SHOULD BE MY
GREATEST FOE--

--CAPTAIN AMERICA!

FIGHT WELL,
SENTINEL OF FREE-
DOM! FOR YOUR
VICTORY OVER THE
ENGLISHMAN WILL
SURELY BE YOUR
LAST!

BLAST! HE'S
FASTER THAN I
SUSPECTED--

HE NEARLY
PASTED ME
WITH THAT
THROW!

THIS WILL BE
THE ULTIMATE
TEST OF MY
POWERS! I
ONLY HOPE
THEY'RE
EQUAL TO IT!







Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

A RAMPAGING TORCH ABANDONS THE F.F. TO SEEK OUT THE GIRL HE LOVES!

THE FLAME AND THE QUEST!

IT STARTED LAST
ISSUE WITH THE OVER-
MIND'S DEFEAT; THIS
DISSATISFACTION, THIS
DISILLUSIONMENT
GRIPPING JOHNNY STORM.
IT SENT HIM FROM NEW
YORK IN ANGRY, AIMLESS
FLIGHT.

NOW IT BRINGS HIM TO
THE HIGH HIMALAYAS,
TO A SECRET CITY
HIDDEN AMONGST THE
THRUSTING PEAKS, AND
-- PERHAPS -- TO WAIT-
ING TRAGEDY...

THE GREAT
REFUGE-- HOME
OF THE INHUMANS!

THIS IS
WHERE I
SHOULD HAVE
COME IN THE
FIRST
PLACE!

EVERYTHING I NEED
TO GET IT TOGETHER
AGAIN IS RIGHT THERE!

FEATURING... THE MYSTERY OF CRYSTAL,
THE EXQUISITE ELEMENTAL! AS EXPLORED BY:

STAN
LEE
EDITOR

ARCHIE
GOODWIN
WRITER

JOHN
BUSCEMA
ARTIST

JOE SINNOTT
INKER
SAM ROSEN
LETTERER

AND MY IDEA OF **EVERY-THING** IS A CERTAIN REDHEAD NAMED **CRYSTAL**.

JUST SEEING HER, HOLDING HER, IS GONNA MAKE ALL THE STUPID HASSLES OF THE LAST FEW DAYS WORTH IT!



NOW THAT I'M THIS CLOSE, I DON'T SEE HOW I **STOOD** BEING SEPARATED FROM HER SO LONG.

IF ONLY SHE COULD REJOIN THE TEAM AGAIN.

IF ONLY SHE WEREN'T FORCED TO STAY AMONG HER OWN PEOPLE.



"IF ONLY THAT TERRIBLE DAY HAD NEVER COME WHEN..."

JOHNNY! IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN... I'M F-FAINTING...!

CRYSTAL CRYES!



"IF ONLY REED HAD NEVER HAD TO SAY..."

IT'S HOPELESS!

ALL THOSE YEARS IN THE INHUMANS' POLLUTION-FREE ENVIRONMENT...

CRYSTAL IS WITHOUT RESISTANCE TO ALL THE THINGS PLAGUING US!



"IF ONLY SHE HADN'T HAD TO RETURN TO THE GREAT REFUGE-- OR DIE!"

IT'S NOT FAIR! NO! NO!



JOHNNY! YOU MUSTN'T FLAME ON--NOT WHILE LOCKJAW IS TELE-PORTING!

LEAVE IT TO REED! I WAS GOING WILD AT LOSING CRYSTAL, AND HE TRIED TO BE PRACTICAL.

I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT MONSTER PUP SHE CALLS A PET, LET ALONE WORRY ABOUT IT TELE-PORTING.

UH-OH! I'M ALMOST OVER THE CITY.

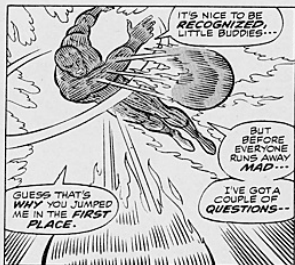


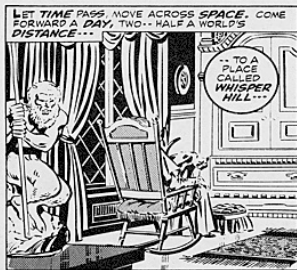
BETTER FIND A QUIET SPOT TO GET DOWN SO I DON'T SHAKE ANYONE U---



UUNGH!!!







BUT FOR NOW THE PLEASANT SOUND LINGERS-- AS A MOTHER AND FATHER FIND DELIGHT IN THEIR CHILD--

REED! JUST LOOK AT FRANKLIN! SOON HE'LL BE TAKING HIS FIRST STEP!

TAKING A SHORT VACATION UP HERE WAS A WONDERFUL IDEA.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO CONVINCE ME, SWEET-HEART. I SUGGESTED IT, REMEMBER?

TOO BAD JOHNNY ISN'T HERE TO SEE HOW HIS NEPHEW HAS GROWN.

AT LEAST BEN AND ALICIA WERE ABLE TO JOIN US...

TOURIN' THE HARKNESS PAD IS KINDA LIKE VISITIN' YOUR FAVOURITE MAUSOLEUM, HUH, KIDDO?

OH, BEN! THE ENTIRE HOUSE IS A TREASURE TROVE.

SO MANY INTRIGUING THINGS TO TOUCH--TO FEEL--

THERE IS AN ATMOSPHERE OF MYSTERY.. OF THE UNUSUAL.. ABOUT EVERYTHING.

I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHY IT'S SO FASCINATING.

MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY.. SORTA!

BUT MEBBE WE SHOULD REJOIN REED AN' SUE...

OUTSIDE-- IN THE SUN-LIGHT.

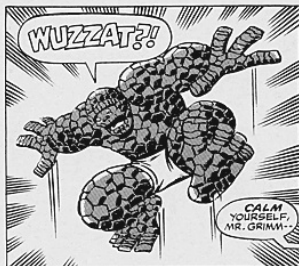
THESE DARK, SPOOKY CORRIDORS DON'T DO MUCH FOR MY PEACHES AN' CREAM COMPLEXION!

WHY, BEN. IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D THINK THIS HOUSE MADE YOU NERVOUS.

WHO? ME?

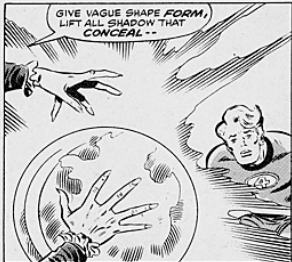
LISSEN, BABY, IT TAKES MORE THAN A BUNCHA PROPS RIGHT OUTTA DARK SHADOWS TA MAKE THE BLUE-EYED THING--

PURRR..
RRR









CONTINUED NEXT ISH!

THE HUNGRY JAWS



WITH SMOLDERING FURY, RODRIGO DOREZ DRIVES BEYOND HIS HUGE PLANTATION TO FIND THE CRAWLING ENEMY...

BUT SUDDENLY, THE DIRT ROAD TURNS BLACK AND DOREZ STOPS IN ABJECT FEAR...



IT'S SOME WILD NIGHTMARE! IT CAN'T GO ON! THEY'VE GOT TO STOP SOMEWHERE, MAYBE THEY'LL TURN BACK NOW! THAT STONE WALL WILL STOP THEM!



BUT IN SECONDS, THE CRAWLING MASS MOUNTS AND POURS OVER THE WALL...



WHERE ARE THE FARM HANDS? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE QUITTERS? WHY DIDN'T THEY STAY AND FIGHT THE ANTS?

BUT THE ANSWER COMES QUICKLY. FOR AS DOREZ WATCHES WITH FASCINATED HORROR, THE ANTS CLIMB UP THE LIVESTOCK.



SWARM OVER EVERY GREEN LEAF.



AND IN MINUTES, ONLY WHITE BONES REMAIN WHERE STRONG STEERS STOOD...



ONLY UNEATABLE ROOTS AND BARKLESS BRANCHES GIVE GRIM EVIDENCE OF ONCE-GREEN THINGS...



THERE! THIS DOUBLE-DOSE OF DDT INSECTICIDE WILL FINISH THEM OFF! LAP IT UP, YOU HUNGRY HORRORS!



NO-NO! IT CAN'T BE! THE INSECT-KILLER, THE MOST POWERFUL INSECTICIDE KNOWN, HAS ABSOLUTELY NO EFFECT!



FIRE! THAT'S IT! FIRE WILL KEEP BACK THAT SWARM OF DESTROYERS! I'LL BUILD A MOAT IN FRONT OF MY PLANTATION, FILL IT WITH OIL... AND WHEN THE ANTS REACH IT, THEY'LL BE FRIED!



BUT AS THE WORKERS TOIL, THE RELENTLESS HORDE ADVANCES...



MY PRIZE BULLS! THEY'VE SLAUGHTERED THEM, BUT STILL THEY COME! THE MOAT'S NOT FINISHED YET! NEED MORE TIME!

WITH FRENZIED HASTE, DOREZ DRIVES HIS DOZEN NATIVE WORKERS, AS THEY DIG THE MOAT...



FASTER! THEY'RE COMING! FASTER!

HOW CAN I DIVERT THE ANTS! THEY'VE EATEN EVERYTHING ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE MOAT! WHAT'S LEFT TO OFFER THEM TO GAIN TIME? MY NATIVE WORKERS! THAT'S IT!



WITH MERCILESS CUNNING, DOREZ ORDERS HIS NATIVES INTO THE TOOL SHED AND ONE BY ONE HE SLAPS IRON MANACLES ON THE UNSUSPECTING WORKERS...



BUT, MASTER, WHAT FOOT AND HAND IRONS FOR?

TO HELP PULL THE OIL DRUMS TO THE MOAT, YOU FOOL! LET ME SLIP THESE ON YOU THEN WE'LL ATTACH ONE CHAIN TO THE DRUM... YOU'LL DRAG IT EASIER!

BUT AS THE LAST NATIVE IS CLAPPED INTO IRONS, DOREZ DRAWS HIS GUN...



HOP! ALL OF YOU, START HOPPING ACROSS THE MOAT!

BUT, MASTER... ANTS BE THERE!

OVER, I SAID! OR I'LL PUT A BULLET IN YOU! JUST HAVE FAITH IN ME, MEN! YOU'LL BE SAVED! BUT CROSS OVER!



BULLIED, PUSHED AND DRAGGED THE NATIVES CROSS THE MOAT...



MASTER DOREZ WILL SAVE US! YOU SEE! HIM FINE MAN!

LIE DOWN!

BUT MASTER, WHEN YOU SAVE US? MAYBE WE BETTER GO BACK OTHER SIDE

TOO LATE!



AND AS DOREZ WORKS DESPERATELY TO FINISH THE MOAT, HIS HUMAN DECOYS WORK! THE ANT SWARM TURNS FROM THE MOAT...



THE NATIVES STRUGGLE TO RETURN ACROSS THE MOAT, BUT THE IRONS SLOW THEM...



THE ANTS CLIMB UP THEIR FEET AND HANDS AND START THEIR CEASELESS WORK, THEIR PUNISHING JAWS SNAPPING, AS THEY ADVANCE OVER THE TORTURED BODIES.



IN FOUR PAINFUL MINUTES, THE BONES ARE STRIPPED OF ALL FLESH!



IT WORKED! THOSE NATIVES DIVERTED THE ANTS JUST LONG ENOUGH! MY PLANTATION'S SAVED! MY FORTUNE'S SAFE! THE ANTS CAN'T CROSS THE BURNING OIL!



THE SEETHING ANT MASS PUSHES BEYOND THE SKELETONS AND REACHES THE MOAT'S FLAMING BANK... THEN HALTS! BUT THE PRESS FROM THE REAR CONTINUES! THE FOREMOST ANTS TUMBLE INTO THE FLAMES, THEIR BODIES CURL IN THE HEAT, BUT THE FIRE HOLDS, UNTIL SUDDENLY...



WHAT'S WRONG? WHY IS THE FIRE OUT IN THAT ONE SPOT?

THERE, AT THE MOAT'S EDGE, AS THE RELENTLESS HORDE PUSHES ON, THE BURNT CORPSES OF THE LEAD ANTS ARE FORCED OUT ON THE FLAMING MOAT! BUT AS MORE AND MORE OF THE TINY BODIES SETTLE ON THE OIL, ALL AIR IS CUT OFF FROM THE FLAMES AND THE FIRE IS PUT OUT...



AND ON A BRIDGE OF ANT CORPSES, LIVING ANTS CROSS THE MOAT...



IN VAIN, DOREZ TRIES TO HOP TO THE SHED.



UP UP THEY CRAWL OVER HIS WRITHING BODY, THEIR HUNGRY JAWS NIBBLING WITH PINCHING PAIN, AND AS HE TRIES TO BRUSH THEM FROM HIS BODY, THEY ONLY SWARM OVER HIS FLESHY HANDS AND ARMS...



THE ANTS MOUNT UP HIS PAIN-RACKED BODY AND IN HIS LAST ANGUISHED GLANCE, DOREZ SEES WITH SICKENING HORROR THE FANTASTIC HEADS OF THE LITTLE NIBBLING CREATURES WHO LEAD THE BRUTAL ATTACK!



Tell it to The CAPTAIN!



TUESDAY IS GOOD-NEWS-DAY

Dear Pen 'n' Pencil Pushers,

Okay, you guys. Face front and listen. Compliments galore are in order and they're aimed at, yep, you guessed it, Mighty Marvel. What can I say? Great, just great. Words can't express the sheer delight, nay, the ecstasy I experience whilst reading your superb items of literature.

For me, Tuesday is the highlight of the week, 'cos that's when I go and collect you know what. Yep, all five of 'em!

Your latest innovation, Captain Britain, is superb, fantastic, etc., etc. It most certainly is the best thing you've done for the world of comics, apart from first introducing the Mighty ranks of Marvel to we dedicated ones.

Oh, yes. Before I forget, here's my very sincere thanks to both you and D.C. for your fantastic team-up. This must be truly a milestone in the

long history of both the respective comics groups. If there is any way in which my thanks and congratulations can be passed on to the DC crew I'll be one happy and grateful pilgrim. By the way, when are you gonna do another?

Hey, how about doing the Fantastic Four in colour? I'm sure other Merry Marvelites would more than relish the idea.

I'm an ardent Planet of the Apes fan, so you can well imagine my sorrow at being unable to obtain any of the POTA television or film cards. So if there's any kind-hearted POTA fan out there who has any cards he or she doesn't want, this is a genuine call for help.

So, for all the many hours of enjoyment, I can only say "Thanks a million, and keep up the good work." As The Hulk goes bustin' into the sunset, I'll leave you with the immortal words — Face Front!

Nich Harris, RFO.
44 Western Drive,
Shepperton, Middx.

Somehow we get the idea that you approve what we're doing, Nick. Could it have been something you said? Okay — joshing apart, we'd like to thank YOU for your unreserved enthusiasm. The dedication of the artists, the unflagging devotion of our scriptwriters, the work of the letterers, the back-room armadillos, and the unfailing support of the printers, the publishing and circulation gang, in short, the efforts of the entire Marvel shooting match, none of it would mean a thing if it wasn't for the appreciation of such as you, Nick. So don't ever forget your importance to the setup. Sure we'll pass your sentiments along to our buddies at DC, and we can tell you they're as keen as we are at repeating the Super/Spidey success. And about that request for the FF in colour. Well, the most truthful way for us to answer that one is to state that if it ever becomes economically possible we'll have every single page of ALL our British maps in full-colour. Here's hoping you get those POTA cards. You deserve 'em!

SPIDERBRITAIN ... ?

Sirs,

One cannot help but notice the distinct similarities between Peter Parker and Co., and our own Brian Braddock and Co. It is apparent that the writer has tried to put Braddock on a par with Parker. This has, in fact, been achieved, quite satisfactorily I

might add, at a subtle level, though there are exceptions. Tanner and Courtney, for instance, scream out loud that they are really Flash and Liz of early Spiderman fame.

Braddock's gentlemanly aspects are commendable. Unlike the frightened rat running off at any hint of police violence that we have come to know and love in Spiderman, Braddock is quite, quite the opposite. Brian buckles down and braves the crude onslaughts of the barbarious Welshman Dai Thomas (J.J.J. perhaps...?) However, this, too, has its defects. "Back Off" is a colonial colloquialism with which many of we True Blue Britains do not intend to associate ourselves.

I notice you do not have a name for your letters page, so, Benevolent Bullpen, read on. I suggest "Quarterstaff", not merely for its physical characteristics, as in "The Web and Hammer" business in Spiderman, but for a more subtle reason. In my erudite manner I realise that the United Kingdom is slightly smaller than the U.S. I therefore realise that at the very most a quarter of your Marvel staff find work in our fine country. Thus, in my finest hour, I write "Quarterstaff" as we only have a quarter the staff of U.S. Marvel.

Stevan Keane,
35 St. Johns Drive,
Harrogate, HG1 3AG

Sure there are superficial similarities between the cast of characters in Captain Britain and those in Spiderman. But we wouldn't regard that as a bad thing. Surely, what is really important is how effective this first foray into a one-hundred-per-cent British superhero saga is going to be. Let's all remember that this is one of the most major steps Marvel has ever taken. If it fails it could put back British super-heroism for years. But, fortunately for all of us, all the signs are that it's gonna be a resounding success. Lastly, "Quarterstaff." Ingenious. Most ingenious. If we ever use it, consider yourself No-prized!



MARVEL COMICS, TUBS HILL HOUSE,
SEVENOAKS, KENT

COMING NEXT WEEK ...

FABULOUS FOOM!

THE MAG THAT KEEPS YOU IN TOUCH WITH US!



Stan Lee NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.!
PRESENTS: SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW-ENFORCEMENT DIVISION

ONCE AGAIN THE EVIL YELLOW CLAW HAS ESCAPED FROM S.H.I.E.L.D.--THIS TIME, BY PILOTING HIS FLAGSHIP TO A RENDEZVOUS AT A SECRET HIDEOUT LOCATED ON THE BOTTOM OF NEW YORK HARBOUR!

NOT BEING ONE TO GIVE UP EASILY, S.H.I.E.L.D.'S DIRECTOR, OUR OWN NICK FURY, HAS FOLLOWED THE CLAW'S SHIP AND IS NOW TRYING TO BREAK THRU THE HIDEOUTS BUILT-IN DEFENCES IN HOPES OF FINDING HIS ELUSIVE ADVERSARY!

THIS JOINT HAS ENOUGH ALARMS AND ELECTRONIC EYES TO MAKE EVEN THE SIX-MILLION DOLLAR MAN CRINGE!

BUT--IF I'M EVER GONNA FIND THE CLAW, I GOTTA GET SHAKIN'--BOOBY TRAPS OR NO BOOBY TRAPS!

CONFRONTATION!

STAN LEE
EDITOR

JIM STERANKO
WRITER/ARTIST

JOE SINNOTT
INKER

SAM ROSEN
LETTERER

HEY! AM I NUTS, OR
ARE THOSE STAIRS
UPSIDE DOWN?

NOT THAT IT MAKES
ANY DIFFERENCE,
'CAUSE I'M GOIN'
UP THERE NO
MATTER
WHAT!

HEBBE I CAN TAKE
A SHORT CUT
THRU THIS
JOINT!

GRAPPLIN' HOOK...
DON'T FAIL
ME NOW!

THAT GUY DAREDEVIL
OUGHTTA TAKE SOME
LESSONS FROM ME!

NEED SOMETHIN' NOW
TA GET THRU THE
ROOF! AND AN
ACID PELLET SHOULD
DO THE JOB JUST RIGHT!

OKAY, FURY...
SECOND
INNIN'!

SO, OKAY, I
GOT A COUPLA
MORE POINTS
ON MY SCORE-
CARD! SO
THAT AND A
DIME'LL BUY
ME COFFEE!

I'M NOTHIN' IF I
CAN'T MAKE IT
THROUGH
WHATEVER'S
AHEAD!

THE NEXT BREATH I
TAKE COULD GET ME A
BELLYFUL OF POISON
GAS!

THE NEXT
DOOR I OPEN
COULD GET ME
BLOWN FROM HERE
TO KINGDOM COME!

I GOTTA MAKE IT ALL THE
WAY... OR DIE TRYIN'!

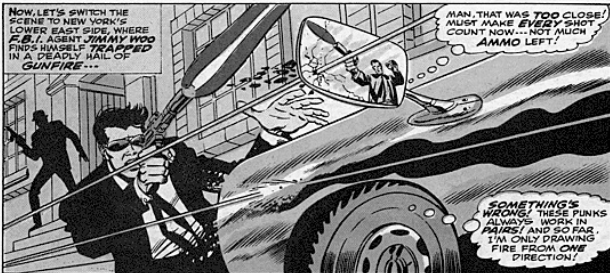
WHEW!
LOOKS LIKE
SOMETHIN' OUT OF
AN OLD BELA
LUGOSI
FLICK!

THE WALLS MUST
BE RIGGED TA
CLOSE WHEN WEIGHT
TOUCHES THE FLOOR!

NO PROBLEM
FER ME TA SWITCH
ON THE MAGNETIC
COILS IN MY
BOOTS!

JUST WATCH
YER STEP,
FURY!

NOW, LET'S SWITCH THE SCENE TO NEW YORK'S LOWER EAST SIDE, WHERE F.B.I. AGENT JIMMY WOO FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED IN A DEADLY HAIL OF GUNFIRE...



I WAS RIGHT...THERE'S ONE BEHIND ME, TOO! LUCKY THESE PANORAMIC GLASSES GIVE ME 360° VISION!



UH-OH! HE'S GETTING READY TO MAKE HIS MOVE!



SAW BURT LANCASTER DO THAT IN A MOVIE ONCE... BEEN WAITING TO USE IT EVER SINCE!



HEY! HIS PARTNER'S MAKING A BREAK FOR IT! HIS MISTAKE!



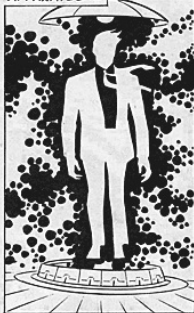
AND, AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE YELLOW CLAWS UNDERWATER INNER-DOMINION...

AT LAST...VENGEANCE IS MINE! TODAY THE WORLD WILL ROCK BENEATH THE WRATH OF THE YELLOW CLAW!

UNCLE, NO! YOUR PROMISE... THAT JIMMY WOO REMAIN SAFE FROM YOUR PROCEEDINGS! YOU CANNOT VIOLATE THAT OATH!

SILENCE! DOES THE VOLCANO PAUSE FOR THE BIRD IN FLIGHT?

THEN, IN A HELIX OF SEARING LIGHT, THE INERT FORM OF THE BARING F.B.I. AGENT APPEARS IN THE FANTASTIC MATTER-WARP APPARATUS...



PLEASE, CELESTIAL UNCLE! YOUR HUMBLE AND DEVOTED NIECE BEGS YOU NOT TO BREAK YOUR SACRED VOW! SHOULD JIMMY WOO DIE BY YOUR HAND, THEN THIS ONE'S LIFE WOULD ALSO FADE!



THEN LET IT BE, IF IT MUST BE SO! THIS TIME I MUST NOT...I WILL NOT BE CHEATED! TOO LONG HAVE I BORNE THE BURDEN OF THIS DEATH FEUD!

TOO OFTEN HAVE I FACED THE SHAME OF DEFEAT! THIS VICTORY MUST BE MINE, SUWAN!



NOTHING CAN STOP YOUR BELOVED JIMMY WOO FROM BEING THE VICTIM OF THE THERMO-FRIGID INTENSIFY-RAY MACHINE IN WHICH HE IS NOW HELPLESSLY CONFINED!

SECONDS FROM NOW, HE WILL BE POLARIZED TO DEATH!

COOL IT, CREEP...OR
YOU'RE THE ONE'S GONNA
GET HIS TAIL POLARIZED!

THE
SHOW'S
OVER!

FURY!
YOU WERE A FOOL TO COME HERE...
TO MY SUBSURFACE CITADEL!

FOR HERE, IN MY REALM
OF EVIL, YOU SHALL DIE!
BUT FIRST, WITNESS THE
FATE OF ANOTHER SWINE!

THIS SWITCH SEALS HIS
DOOM...FOREVER!

KLUK!

HOLD! SUWAN,
I FORBID
YOU TO MAKE
A MOVE!

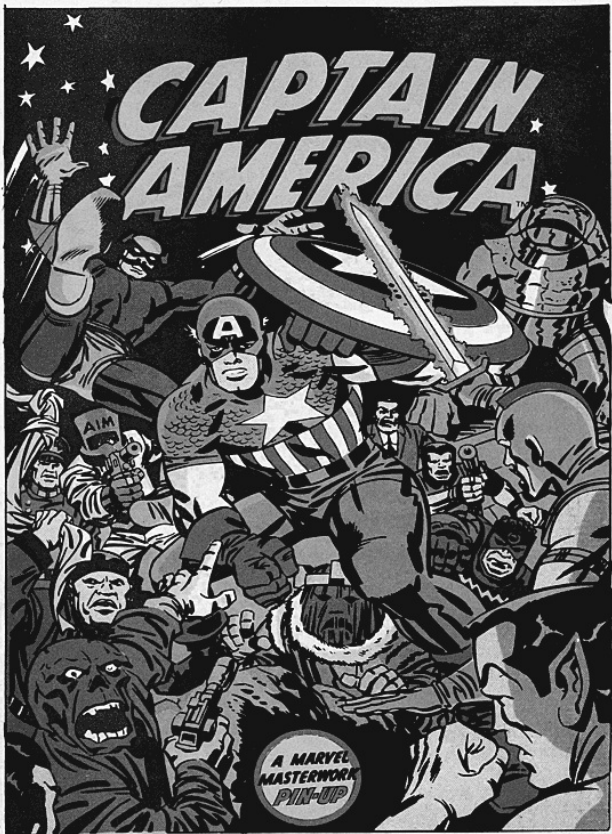
I AM YOUR NIECE AND BOUND
TO YOU BY ANCESTRAL HONOR,
BUT AM I NOT FIRST
A WOMAN?

GUARDS!
STOP HER!

NO MATTER
WHAT BEFALLS,
I CANNOT
STAND BY AND
WATCH THE
TRUE LOVE
OF MY HEART
PERISH!

FORGET IT, CLAW! THE HEAT BLAST
FROM THESE NOVA BULLETS WILL KEEP
YOUR HOODS OUTTA THE PICTURE AWHILE!





DON'T MISS THE GREAT MARVEL CUT-OUT SCENES

ON THE BACK COVERS OF:



AS A BOUNTIFUL BONUS FOR CAPTAIN BRITAIN
FANS ON THE BACK COVER OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE
OF MIGHTY WORLD OF MARVEL, THERE'LL BE
CUT-OUT FIGURES OF CAPTAIN BRITAIN AND
THAT HUMAN HOLOCAUST-- HURRICANE! ON THE
BACK OF THIS WEEK'S SUPER SPIDER-MAN
THERE'LL BE AN INCREDIBLE CUT-OUT SCENE
IN FRONT OF WHICH YOUR FIGURES CAN
BATTLE. AND ON THE BACK OF PLANET OF
THE APES THERE'LL BE CUT-OUT FIGURES
OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE RED SKULL
TO COMPLETE YOUR
ACTION-PACKED
BATTLE SCENES!



NOW WHO SAYS
MARVEL DOESN'T
KEEP YA BUSY?

